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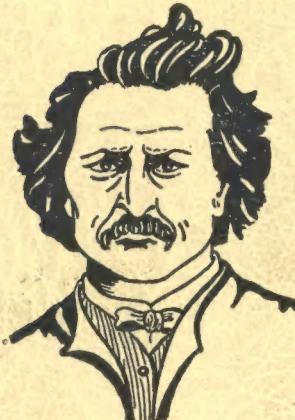
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History Readers of the Old North-West

**TALES OF THE NORTH-
WEST REBELLION**

G. M. DUNLOP, M.A.



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History Readers of the Old North-West

G. M. DUNLOP, M.A.

Provincial Normal School, Camrose, Alberta

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FOREWORD TO TEACHERS

• • •

THERE has been a long-felt want for easy reading material for pupils in Grade V. To meet this need, particularly in History, a series of History Readers of the old North-West has been planned. The manuscripts for this series have been prepared by G. M. Dunlop, M.A., Camrose Normal School, who has combined a successful experience in Normal School teaching with considerable research in his subject. Before publication each manuscript has been placed in the hands of the Grade V pupils of the Camrose Practice School, and all changes necessary to bring the readers well within the reading ability of this grade have been made.

It is not intended that the readers replace teaching, but rather supplement interesting and forceful classroom presentations. A supply of each title should be placed in the library to be read by the pupils in connection with the practical exercises and projects which are assigned as the work of the year progresses.

A large note-book in which the student may do the study and other exercises suggested in the readers will be found to guide and motivate seatwork, particularly in the rural school.

Interesting classroom presentations supplemented by reading and project work such as is contained in and suggested by the readers, will assure a useful and interesting year's work in this grade.

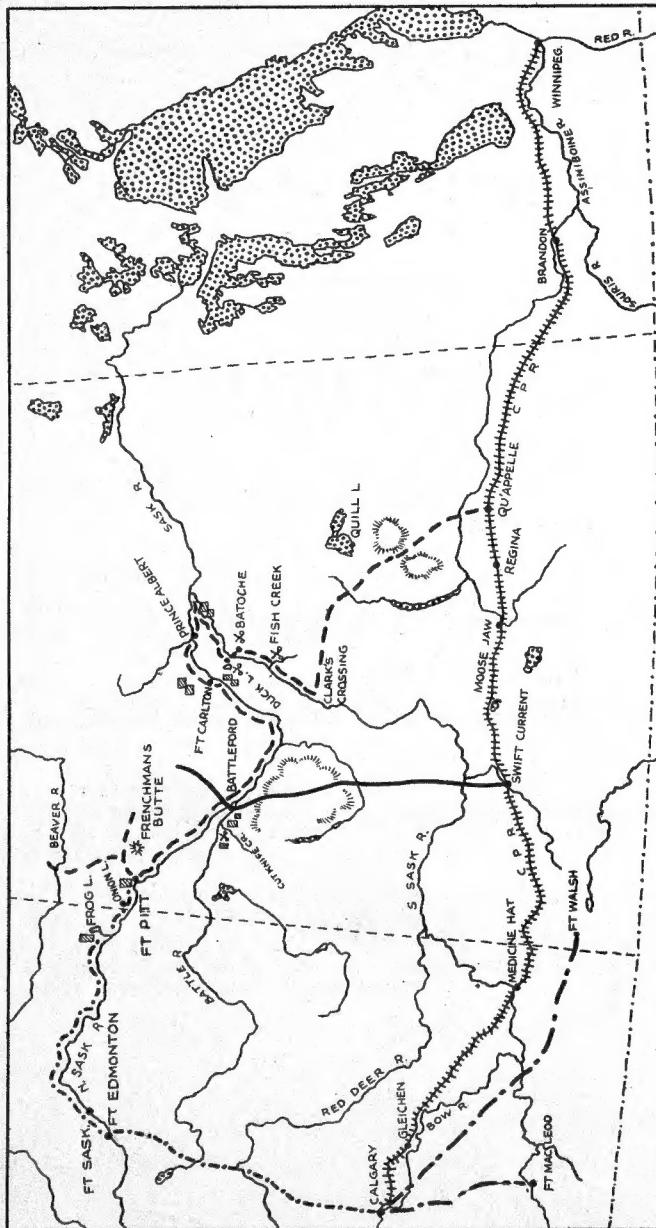
The author wishes to thank Miss J. McKinnon, Grade V room teacher of the Normal Practice School, Camrose, for the thorough testing of this material in her class, and also Miss McKinnon's pupils for the careful and appreciative reading which they have given these stories.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Legend. — — — GEN. MIDDLETON's ROUTE, — — — GEN. STRANGE'S ROUTE, - - - - - COL OTTER'S ROUTE, ☐ ☐ INDIAN RESERVES.

The Scene of the Fighting

CHAPTER 1.

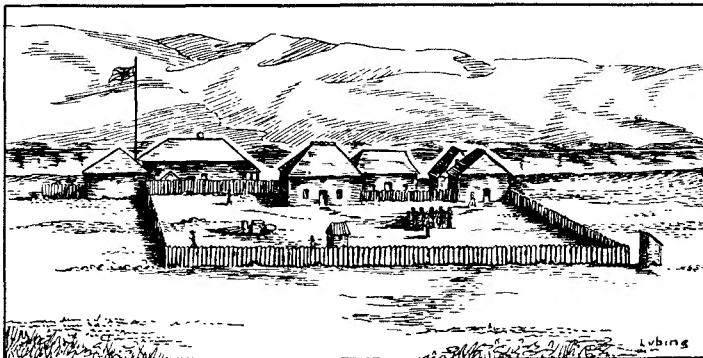
How the News Came to Fort Pitt

• • •

“Atten-tion!” rang out the command. The double line of scarlet-coated police brought their heels smartly together and stood erect. The garrison of Fort Pitt had started its morning drill.

“Father,” spoke up Jimmy Campbell, a boy of eleven years, who was one of a group watching the police, “When can we go back to our home at Onion Lake?”

“Soon, I hope,” answered his father, a gray-haired Scotch trader. “But we must wait until we hear whether



• **Fort Pitt**

Big Bear has gone on the war path. Never mind, son,” he said, placing his hand on the boy’s shoulder. “You and Martin and I will be safe here at the fort no matter what happens.”

It was the morning of April 3rd, 1885, a year never to be forgotten in the North-West. The year before Louis Riel, the leader in the Red River Rebellion, had returned to the west. He had stationed himself at Batoche where he had urged the half-breeds to rebel. They had cause enough for complaint. Their land was in strips running back from

the rivers. Now the government had sent surveyors to divide the land into square sections. This meant that many of them would lose their farms, getting instead sections of land far away from the river bank. For almost a year the police had feared an outbreak. Since there was only a handful of half-breeds who might rebel little attention was paid to them. What struck fear into the hearts of all was the possibility of thousands of Indians taking the war path.

“Why should the Indians fight us, father?” the boy inquired. “They have been friendly with us for years. Why, I played with Big Horn and Tame Crow every day last year!”

“They are angry at the white people because they believe that we have done them harm,” was the answer. “Before we came the buffalo, the red deer and the antelope were found everywhere. Food was plentiful. Now the Indians cannot find enough meat to feed their children. They have had to go on the reserves given to them by the government. There they must farm or starve.”

“Why did the Indians not rise in rebellion years ago?” asked Martin, the older son, a sturdy young man of sixteen. “Why should they rise now?”

“Because they were alone then. Now Riel has returned from the United States and has roused the half-breeds to anger against us. They are ready to fight. He has also sent runners from Batoche to every Indian tribe in the west asking them to rise with him. He has told them that he will wipe the white race off the plains. He has promised them that he will bring back the buffalo to the prairies.”

“Has there been any fighting at Batoche or Prince Albert yet, dad?” asked Martin.

“We don’t know, son,” his father answered. “The trouble is that the Indians will know before we do. I am afraid that Big Bear may hear of a battle to the east and take the war trail. If he decides on war, Poundmaker or even Crowfoot may join him. If they do every white person in the west will be in danger.”

A crackling in the brush near the river came to their ears. At that instant the stern cry of the sentry rang out, "Who goes there?"

In response a tattered figure plodded out of the woods towards the fort. "Quinn, it's Hank Quinn," the man shouted. "Don't shoot!"

The police were halted and dismissed to their quarters. Captain Dickens, the officer in command, went to the gate. At his order it opened, letting in the weary thorn-torn figure of Henry Quinn.

"What is it, Quinn? You seem fagged out," was the captain's kindly greeting. "Come into the fort and have lunch."

"Not yet," gasped the weary stranger. "Big Bear's tribe rose yesterday. All the whites at Frog Lake are dead!"

"What!" exclaimed the captain. "Did you see them killed?" The group which had gathered about them quivered with interest.

"Yes," was the answer. "A half-breed woke me early and led me into the woods to save me. He knew what was going to happen. When the shooting started I climbed a hill. I saw them shooting down the whites. My uncle was shot first. Then I saw the two priests fall. I came to warn you to get ready. They may be advancing on the fort at this moment."

Jimmy looked towards the woods. They seemed darker and closer to the fort than they had been before. He turned towards Captain Dickens.

The captain did not seem afraid. "Thanks, Quinn, for the warning. You may depend upon it that we will be prepared. Now, my friend, you have done your part. Go in and the cook will give you a good meal."

After Quinn had left for the kitchen, Dickens turned to Jimmy's father. "What do you make of this, Mr. Campbell? It seems like a serious matter."



The Arrival of Hank Quinn

"Poor Quinn; poor Father Fafard. I knew them well," said Mr. Campbell. "If Big Bear has killed the whites at Frog Lake, he must be on the war path."

"Yes," answered the captain. "I am afraid that we must expect an attack. I will have the fort put in order."

Soon the bugle sounded. Out from their quarters rushed the police. They received their orders, broke their ranks and busied themselves at the task of getting the fort ready for an attack.

Mr. Campbell led his two sons to one side of the parade ground. "This is a bad business, Martin," he said slowly. "We can expect an attack on the fort at any moment. Yet I can hardly believe that Big Bear has done this thing. There were nine white men at Frog Lake and some women too."

"More likely it was Wandering Spirit or Imasees. They have always hated us," responded Martin. "Well, we may see some fighting, dad!"

"We shall see more than we want if they decide to attack the fort," was the answer. "Now let us go indoors and see if we can get some lunch."

The days which followed seemed to drag slowly along. Every moment the eyes of the sentries searched the hills on either side for signs of the Indians. Each day brought more traders and settlers and even half-breeds into the fort for protection. One day Mr. McLean of the Hudson's Bay Company came in with his three daughters. After greeting Captain Dickens he shook hands with Mr. Campbell. "I am glad to see you, my friend. I was afraid that you and your family might still be at Onion Lake."

"Is Onion Lake safe?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, but the Indians are stealing cattle and guns everywhere. Big Bear is up in arms. He may strike at Onion Lake today. He may even attack the fort. Who can say? I hear that the other tribes are rising too."

"If that is so," said Mr. Campbell, "Captain Dickens might as well leave the fort to the Indians. He cannot hold

it if they attack. The Indians can pour bullets into it from the hills on either side of the river."

"I have pointed that out to the captain, but he feels that he cannot leave Fort Pitt yet. There are still some white traders in the country who may come here for safety. Also there is no real proof that the Indians are at war." Mr. McLean turned away, shaking his head.

That afternoon, April the 13th, Captain Dickens called a council of war. To it were invited his officers and the older traders. "Men," he said, "we must decide on a plan of action. We cannot wait here doing nothing. First I must find out definitely whether or not Big Bear means to attack. I am going to send out scouts in the morning."

"What will you do if they report that the tribe is on the war path?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"In that case we will take the scow and move everyone down the river to Battleford. There they will be quite safe. We cannot hold Fort Pitt if the Indians attack in strength."

The next morning dawned bright and clear. At six Captain Dickens gave his last orders to the three scouts he had chosen. They were Corporal Cowan, Constable Loasby, and Henry Quinn who had brought the news of Frog Lake.

"Find out what is happening even if you have to ride to Frog Lake," he ordered. Then the gates of the palisade opened and the scouts spurred out on their dangerous mission.

All the traders and their families watched the scouts mount the steep hill. "When can we expect them back, father?" asked Jimmy.

"They may be back in a few hours," answered Mr. Campbell. "If they have to travel the thirty-five miles to Frog Lake they won't be back until tomorrow morning. Let us pray that they will return safely."

Mr. McLean walked back and forth restlessly. "How slowly time passes. If only we knew what Big Bear is doing. He may still be on his reserve." He walked over to the side of the fort where Jimmy and Martin were standing. Mr. McLean came over to join him.

Suddenly Jimmy threw back his head, his eyes fixed on the sharp outline of the hills above the fort. "Oh, father!" he cried, pointing. "What is that? What is that?"

Everyone turned. There, high above them, they saw an Indian horseman, eagle feather in his hair and rifle across his knees, ride slowly into view. Then another rode into sight—and another.

At that instant the sharp shouts of sentries were heard sounding the alarm.

"Into the fort, children," cried Mr. McLean. "Big Bear has taken the war path. May Heaven have mercy on Fort Pitt!"

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Why did the Indians rebel?
2. Give the reasons for the rebellion of the half-breeds.
3. What arguments can you give in favor of the French system of dividing land? What arguments can you give in favor of the English system?
4. Write the private diary of Captain Dickens covering the events of this chapter.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make models of Indian bows, arrows, quivers and head dresses. Use them in decoration of the room.
2. Make a sketch of Fort Pitt.
3. Make a plan of Fort Pitt.
4. Sketch an Indian warrior on horseback.

THE SASKATCHEWAN REBELLION CLASS PROJECT

1. Have the sand table or part of the floor divided into three parts in which three important happenings in the story are to be shown. In the first make a large model of pasteboard, wood and sand, of Fort Pitt. Put in the river, the hills on both sides, and the fort on the level bench near the river.

2. Start a collection of Indian pictures.
3. Make a blackboard border in which the figures of an Indian, a Mounted Policeman, and a half-breed follow one another.

CHAPTER 2.

The Attack on Fort Pitt

• • •

Slowly the Indian war party wound its way down the hill. They came to a halt about five hundred yards from the fort. To the traders and police within the fort they were a fearful but interesting sight. Each brave was in his fiercest war paint. Each carried a rifle, stolen, perhaps, from someone who had died at Frog Lake. Feathers were placed in their hair. Some wore shirts of leather and leather leggings and moccasins. Most were naked from the waist up. At a signal from their leader they gathered about him and, shaking their rifles in the air, they raised the blood-curdling war cry of the Crees.

Inside the palisade all was bustle and haste. At the order of Captain Dickens the police took their places at the loop holes in the walls. The traders loaded their rifles and prepared to help defend the fort. The women and children carried water and cartridges to the men.

"Who is leading the war party, Mr. McLean?" asked the captain.

"Wandering Spirit and Imasees," was the answer. "I cannot see Big Bear anywhere."

"Oh, there he is," cried Martin. "See! He is coming towards the fort."

It was true. The old chief was riding forward followed by two braves. He waved a white cloth. A white flag from the fort answered. Then a brave rode forward with a message. He was met at the half-opened gate by the captain.

Captain Dickens read the message in silence. Then he spoke to the group of officers and traders who had gathered about him. "Once I gave food to Big Bear and some of his band. Now he wants to repay me. He warns me that he is no longer their leader, and that Wandering Spirit is now in command. He will try to hold back an attack, however, until we leave."



Big Bear

"But what of the scouts?" cried Martin. "We can't leave them to ride into a trap!"

"We will wait until tomorrow," answered the captain. "I shall tell Big Bear that we cannot move today." The message was written and the messenger galloped off towards the Cree camp.

The day wore on. The Indians were not ready to attack fearing the loss of many braves. Night fell. At the bottom of the hill was heard the throb of war drums and the music of whistles made of the wing bones of geese. The Indians were having a war dance.

"They are working themselves up to a state of fury. Then they will attack the fort," said the captain.

All that night the sentries kept close watch. Only the children fell asleep. Early next morning another messenger arrived. "What do they want now, father?" asked Jimmy, looking with interest at the brightly-painted warrior who brought the message.

"We shall soon find out," was the answer.

"It is really for you, Mr. McLean," said the captain. "They want you to go and talk with them. They say that they know you. Do you think it is safe to go?"

"Certainly I will go," answered the old Hudson's Bay man. "They know the Great Company. They remember that I have always treated them fairly. I may be able to get them to return to their reserve."

The gates were opened and the old trader started towards the Indian camp at the base of the hill. Everyone looked after him. "There goes a brave man!" exclaimed the captain. "He may yet save much spilling of blood."

The people in the fort gathered together on the parade ground. "I wonder whether the scouts will be back today?" asked Martin.

"They should be back today," his father answered. "I hope that they saw the Indians and come to the fort from the other direction. If we could only warn them!"

It was too late. The scouts had ridden as far as Frog Lake the previous day. Seeing the burned homes of the settlers and the deserted camp of the Crees they decided that the tribe had moved north. Little thinking what had happened they set out on their homeward journey the next morning. They were nearing the hill as McLean entered the Indian camp.

When they came to the crest of the hill overlooking the fort they could not see the Indian camp. It was hidden by the dense growth of poplars. Slowly their horses picked their way downwards toward the fort.

Suddenly they came into full view of the Indians. It was too late to turn back. They plunged their spurs into their horses' flanks and galloped madly forward. A roar of rage from four hundred savage throats rose as the warriors rushed for their rifles and horses.

The first warning received by the people in the fort was the sound of a burst of rifle fire. Then they saw the three horsemen, the two scarlet-coated policemen and Quinn, riding at top speed towards them. Some of the Indians were firing at them. Others had leaped upon horses and set out in hot pursuit. The watchers in the fort were torn between hope and fear. Would the scouts reach the fort in time?

"Open fire, men!" ordered the captain. "Try to pick off the Indians on horseback who are gaining on them." Every loop hole on that side of the fort spurted fire as the police tried to protect their comrades.

But the Indians were gaining ground. Corporal Cowan was the first to go down. Mounted on a fast horse, he was within two hundred yards of the fort when a bullet ploughed through his body. He twisted in his saddle and fell to the ground, dead.

Quinn swung off to one side to avoid pursuit. He was free for a moment and took shelter in a hole in the bank of the river. Later in the day the Indians found him and made him prisoner. Months after he escaped unharmed.

Constable Loasby never faltered. On towards the fort he rode as fast as his tired mount could carry him. One young brave on a fleet white horse followed hotly behind him. The policeman received a bullet through his leg. Then, to the horror of the people in the fort, his horse staggered. It had been wounded! The Indian closed the gap between them and hurled himself on Loasby. Down they went rolling over and over. The red coat struck once with his fist, and then a second time. Then he was up and running towards the open gate where his friends hurried forward to help him. But the Indian was up too. He levelled his rifle at the running form of the policeman and fired. Down went Loasby as if killed. The Indian ran to his horse, and, amidst a storm of bullets from the fort, rode safely away.

Then, to the surprise and delight of the people in the fort, Loasby rose to his feet. Covered with blood, but smiling, he staggered forward to fall into the arms of his comrades.

"Well done, Loasby!" exclaimed Captain Dickens. "Take him into the fort, sergeant, and attend to him. We cannot afford to lose such a brave man."

The fort was in wild excitement. "Now what will happen to McLean?" asked Martin. They were not long kept in doubt. A warrior under a white flag rode up with a message for the captain.

"They have made McLean prisoner," said the captain gravely. "He writes that they want all the Company men and their wives and children to come over to their camp. They say that no one will be hurt. Otherwise they intend to use fire arrows on us tonight, and shoot us down like dogs when we try to escape from the burning fort."

"We can't let the Company men and their wives go to the Indian camp!" cried one officer. "Who knows what would happen to them?"

"McLean knows the Indians better than we do," replied the captain. "He says that if we do not do as they say, none

of us will escape. He thinks that all the people of the Company are safe because of its name for fair dealing. McLean knows the west. He is a friend of all the Cree chiefs. What do you think, Mr. Parker?" he asked an old Company man.

"I am ready to go, and I will take my daughter with me. If Big Bear has given his promise to McLean that we will be safe, I am satisfied. Big Bear will protect us."

Captain Dickens seemed doubtful. He walked to and fro wrapped in thought. At last he returned to the group. "McLean is right. It is the police they fear. Get ready to move!"

In a few moments the parade ground was the scene of great activity. The police brought out their equipment, blankets and food. The traders gathered together clothing and other supplies.

Jimmy helped his father and Martin in getting their packs ready. "Where are we going, father?" he asked.

"We are going to Battleford with the police," was the answer. "Only the people working for the Hudson's Bay Company will go to the Cree camp."

It was twilight before all was ready. The gates of the fort opened and a sorrowful procession of Company men and their wives and children shook hands with Captain Dickens and the traders. Then they started on foot towards the Indian camp. Big Bear and several of the other chiefs came forward to greet them.

"They are safe!" exclaimed the captain. "Now we must get away." The command was given to form in line. Then, loaded with their packs, the police marched off in two ranks towards the river, followed by the traders and their wives and children. They placed their loads in the large scow which was tied to the bank. Then they pushed off into the current of the Saskatchewan and slipped away downstream in the gathering darkness.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Why was Mr. McLean wise in advising the traders to surrender to Big Bear?
2. Give the arguments for and against Captain Dickens leaving Fort Pitt.
3. Write out Captain Dickens's report to the head of the Police explaining why he had given up Fort Pitt.
4. Write out Big Bear's speech to the traders when they came to his camp on the advice of Mr. McLean.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a cardboard model of a scow such as the police used in going to Battleford.
2. Draw a map of the area showing Fort Pitt, Frog Lake, Onion Lake, and Battleford. Show on it in different colors the course taken by Quinn, by the scouts, and by Big Bear in the events of the first two chapters.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Place the Indian camp of tepees at the foot of the hill in the Fort Pitt part of the project. Make trees of small sprigs of evergreen. Place the scow in the river near the fort.
2. Hang up the best Indian bows, arrows, quivers and head dresses as decorations.
3. Collect and arrange about the room pictures of the police; also any pictures of western forts which the pupils can bring.

CHAPTER 3.

How Poundmaker Defended Cutknife

• • •

“Time to wake up,” was the first sound which Jimmy heard the next morning.

“Where are we?” he asked, rubbing his eyes. “Oh yes, I remember now.” He looked about him. The scow was being carried along swiftly on the smooth current of the North Saskatchewan. Some of the police pulled at their oars, urging the boat forward more quickly. One man steered by means of a rudder.

“We should make Battleford in four or five days,” remarked Captain Dickens to Mr. Campbell. “Then we will be able to find out what is happening in the east.”

“What has happened already?” asked Martin.

“All I know is that there has been fighting near Prince Albert and that troops are being rushed from eastern Canada,” was the captain’s answer. “Fortunately the Canadian Pacific Railway has been built as far as Calgary. It is ready to carry them most of the way. They should be in the west now.”

All that day the scow wound its way between the high banks of the river. Though the sun was warm there were still patches of snow here and there in the hills. The women prepared food. They were all cheerful though they were cramped from being crowded together in the small boat. Late in the evening they stopped at a small island and enjoyed a hot meal. After a rest the boat was pushed into the current again and on they went.

Each day was the same as the last. The scow progressed slowly. To make matters worse it began to leak. Often the police sang in time with the stroke of their oars.

It was late in the morning of the seventh day when they neared the town of Battleford. A crowd of police and soldiers met them at the beach. An inspector of the police

came forward with a gray-haired army officer. "I am glad to see that you are safe, Captain," he said. Then, turning to the officer, "Colonel Otter, let me introduce Captain Dickens."

The colonel returned the captain's salute. "Happy to see that you escaped, Captain." They moved away chatting over what had taken place at Fort Pitt and Frog Lake.

Mr. Campbell gathered his two sons about him. "The town is crowded with traders and settlers as well as with soldiers," he said. "We shall buy a small tent and set it up by the river."

Soon they were comfortably settled. After a good lunch Mr. Campbell and Martin went down town, while Jimmy played with some other boys on the bank of the river. They returned to the tent near sunset, and started preparing their evening meal.

"Father," said Martin, "Have you heard the news? Louis Riel met and defeated the police at Duck Lake. He has sent messengers to every great war chief in western Canada. They say that all the tribes are up in arms."

"Yes," answered Mr. Campbell. "They say, at least, that some of the tribes have risen. On the other hand the troops from the east have arrived. General Middleton is marching on Riel's headquarters at Batoche with eight hundred men. Colonel Otter is here in Battleford with four hundred soldiers, while General Strange is nearing Edmonton with nine hundred. They will soon crush the rebellion."

"I hear that Otter intends to attack Poundmaker at Cutknife Creek," added Martin.

"I hope that it will be unnecessary," said his father. "Poundmaker has always been a peace-loving chief. He has given no trouble."

"What are we going to do now, father?" asked Jimmy.

"I should like to go to Prince Albert and get a new stock of supplies for the store at Onion Lake. Everything we had will have been taken by the Indians. We will wait for a few days before leaving."

The days went by slowly. Jimmy made new friends among the boys of the town. Martin was with the soldiers from morning till night. At last the first of May came. There was much talk of Colonel Otter's plan of attacking Cutknife. That morning Martin said to his father, "I think Otter is doing a wise thing. Poundmaker's men have robbed settlements within a few miles of Battleford. He needs a lesson."

His father shook his head. "They say that his warriors have robbed the settlers. On the other hand we know that his tribe has not risen in rebellion. They are still on their reserve and at peace. If Otter attacks them they will be forced to rebel."

Nothing more was said. Late that afternoon Otter's men marched out of Battleford three hundred and twenty-five strong. The little column turned west on its way to attack Poundmaker at Cutknife Creek. Many an old trader shook his head in doubt as to the wisdom of Otter's decision.

Towards evening Mr. Campbell came home. "Where is Martin, Jimmy?" he inquired.

"I don't know," was the answer. "He came home about two o'clock and took his rifle and cartridge belt. He seemed very happy. He shook hands with me before he left."

Mr. Campbell started to his feet. "I wonder has that young rascal marched with Otter?"

A hurried trip to the settlement proved that this was true. Martin had marched off to war.

That night Mr. Campbell sat by the fire until it was very late. At last, sighing, he prepared for his rest. His last thought was of his headstrong young son who had rushed off into such danger.

The next day wore on slowly for Mr. Campbell. Jimmy came to him after the noonday meal. "Martin will have to fight the Indians, will he not, father?" he asked.

"I am afraid that he will, son. We can only hope that he will come back to us safe and sound."

Early the next morning they were surprised by the sound of cheering. Together they hurried to the settlement. They saw a long line of soldiers marching in from the west. Colonel Otter had returned!

"Oh, there is Martin," cried Jimmy. "He has his arm in a sling."

As soon as the soldiers were dismissed Martin hurried over to them. "Are you badly hurt, my boy?" asked his father anxiously.

"No," was the cheerful answer. "Just a scratch. The doctor has cleaned out the wound and wrapped it well. Father, I have had such a thrilling time. Let us go home and I will tell you all about it."

Soon they were in their tent and Martin told this story.

• • •

As you know we left Battleford at about three o'clock in the afternoon with three hundred and twenty-five men. We covered the thirty-five miles to Cutknife Creek by early morning. The creek is only a small stream running into the Battle River. Its banks are lined by a thick growth of poplars and willows. Just beyond rises the steep Cutknife Hill. It was named after Chief Cutknife of the Sarcees who, long ago, fought the Crees there and was defeated. We had been told that Poundmaker was camped just back from the crest of the hill.

"Silence in the ranks!" The order passed quietly down the line.

"We may catch them napping," whispered the man on my right.

We crossed the creek and started up the hill in the early light of dawn. No one spoke. I know that I hardly dared to breathe. Ahead of us the hill stretched, bare and steep right to the top. Hardly had we started up the slope when a storm of bullets whistled about our ears.

"Spread out, men!" cried our officer. We broke our ranks and spread out across the face of the hill.

"Forward!" came the command and on we went. The firing grew heavier and yet we could not see a single Indian. We pressed on. Men began to fall, wounded and killed, on both sides of me. I kept my eyes to the front hoping that I would not be frightened. At last we neared the top of the hill. As we did I saw what had been happening. The Indians had taken shelter in every fold and gully along the top and sides of the hill. Now some of them had slipped down on both sides and taken their places in the trees along the creek bed. We were now under fire from every side. We lay on the ground and awaited orders.

"Mount the guns," shouted Colonel Otter. "That will force them out of the gullies."

However, the guns proved a failure. They made a great noise but the Indians were so well sheltered that no harm was done. To make matters worse one of the guns jumped off its carriage every time it was fired. It took five men to lift it to its place again.

"Lash it to its carriage with a rope," ordered a sergeant. A rope was found and soon the gun was ready to fire.

Crash! But when we looked there it was again on the ground.

The machine or gatling gun was no better. It sprayed bullets all over the hill. Since the Indians had taken cover no one was hit.

One of the officers to my right became tired of waiting. "Ready, men," he called. "Ready, charge!" Up they jumped and dashed forward with a cheer. A burst of rifle fire from all parts of the hill greeted them. Many were killed or wounded. Soon they were ordered to halt and take shelter again.

We were there for hours under fire every time we moved, yet seeing no one. At last Colonel Otter decided that we must retreat. He looked back towards Cutknife Creek at the bottom of the hill.

"Men, I want fifty volunteers," he called. "I want fifty

men to charge down the hill and clear the Indians out of the creek bottom. Who is ready to go?"

Almost everyone within hearing distance shouted "I am!" for they were tired of lying there under fire in the hot sun. Fifty were chosen quickly. I was one of them. An officer was placed in charge.

"All ready, men?" he called.

"Ready, sir," came the cheerful answer from all sides.

"When I give the word follow me on the run. We will drive the Indians out of the creek bed. Ready . . . Charge!"

Away we went down the hill. The men who remained cheered themselves hoarse as we dashed away. That was when I was shot in the arm. I hardly felt it at the time. When we reached the woods the creek bottom was clear and the Indians gone. Then Colonel Otter gave the word for the rest of the troops to follow us. Down they came, but slowly, as they were drawing the guns and several wagons.

Then I saw a strange sight. As I looked back up the hill beyond our men I saw the whole hillside come to life. Indians sprang into sight from every fold and gully. They shouted, gathered in a body and rushed down upon the retreating troops. I knew then that not all would reach home if they followed us. But they did not. A tall handsome chief stepped out before them, his arms outstretched. His voice rose in sharp command. It was Poundmaker. The braves gathered about him, shaking their weapons and shouting. But the chief had his way. They did not follow us.

I see Poundmaker, now, in a different light. He had not risen in rebellion. When Otter attacked, he had defended his camp. When Otter retreated he was satisfied.

Slowly the Indians turned, as if they hated to do so, and trudged up the hill towards their camp. If they had followed us, they could have picked us off, one by one, on the long march back to Battleford. We may thank Poundmaker that we are alive today.

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"Oh, how I wish I could have been with you, Martin!" cried Jimmy. "Were you afraid?"

"I was very much afraid, Jimmy. I hope I never see men killed in war again."

"Well, Martin," said Mr. Campbell gravely, "We must be thankful that you are back alive. Let us hope that the troubles of the North-West are nearly over and that peace will return."

"There is another thing I must tell you, father," said Martin. "I have joined the army for as long as the rebellion lasts. I felt that I should when so many men are leaving their homes and families to fight for our country."

"I feared that you would feel that way, Martin," answered his father sadly. "Well, if I were younger I would do the same. However, I will be very worried until we are together again in Onion Lake. I hope that time will come soon."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Write out Colonel Otter's defence of his attack on Poundmaker.
2. Give Martin's reasons for joining the army.
3. Why was Cutknife Hill so named?
4. Discuss the value of the large guns to the soldiers.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a diagram of Cutknife Creek, Hill, the Indian camp, and the course taken by Colonel Otter in his attack and retreat.
2. Make a wooden model of a heavy gun. Make wooden rifles.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Make the second part of the project. Show on it Cutknife Creek and Hill, also the Battle River. Make an Indian camp at the top. Place trees in the river bottom but not on the sides of the hill.
2. Place on exhibit the best models of heavy guns, or rifles made by the pupils.
3. Collect some pictures of heavy guns and rifles. Place them about the room.

CHAPTER 4.

Prisoners in the Hands of Riel

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The Campbells were up early the next morning. After they had breakfast Mr. Campbell said, "Now we must take down the tent and pack our clothes."

"Why, father?" said Jimmy, "Where are we going?"
"We must try to get to Prince Albert," was the answer. "There I shall buy a new supply of goods for the trading post at Onion Lake. I hear that the Indians have taken everything of any value."

"Will it be safe?" asked Martin. "Remember that you will have to pass close to Batoche, the centre of the rebellion."

"True, my son. We know, however, that General Middleton is advancing on Batoche with eight hundred men. The police believe that long before we get there Riel will be defeated and the rebellion will be over."

"That is true, father," answered Martin. "I thought that it might be safer to wait here."

"I am not certain that Battleford is any safer," said his father gravely. "If Colonel Otter decides to take the field in search for Big Bear, any of the other tribes might swoop down on the town and rob and burn it without fear."

"Yes, that is true. Your plan seems best," was Martin's response.

"I am travelling with a strong force of traders. There will be four boats. If we hear of danger we will stop and travel by foot on the west side of the river. It seems the better way. Now I think we had better pack."

Soon the little tent was packed and the clothes and other supplies tied in bundles. Jimmy led the way carrying two parcels. Martin and his father followed with the heavier loads. When they came to the landing a group of traders greeted them.



Striking Camp

"Good morning, Mr. Ross," said Mr. Campbell to one of the older men. "I see we are on time."

"Indeed you are," was the answer of Mr. Ross, who was in charge of one of the larger boats. "Put your rolls and bundles in here, Mr. Campbell. We will get away by noon."

At last the little fleet of four boats pushed away from the beach. Jimmy was greatly interested in the boat. To his delight the old trader let him handle the rudder and taught him how to steer.

Day after day passed by. Sometimes they stopped at an island to have a walk and a rest. However, this happened rarely as everyone was in a hurry to get to Prince Albert and safety.

"I wonder where Martin is?" asked Jimmy one day.

"I would like to know, too," was his father's answer. "If Colonel Otter has started in pursuit of Big Bear, he may be fighting at this moment. We must hope for the best."

"True," said Mr. Ross. "True, Mr. Campbell. They may be fighting back there. What worries me is whether Middleton has captured Batoche. If he has not we may run into trouble."

"Oh, father," cried Jimmy with surprise. "Is there any danger ahead?"

"Yes, my boy. We may see trouble yet. If General Middleton has attacked Batoche there will be no danger."

"When will we know?" was Jimmy's next question.

"Let me see. Today is the 10th of May. We should reach Batoche by tomorrow evening. Then we will find out."

The next day saw the boats moving slowly close to the western shore. They had met no boats on the river for two days, so they did not know what to expect. At last, as sunset drew near, they saw the little settlement of Batoche about a mile ahead.

"Since we do not know whether Middleton has captured the town we must try to slip by at night," decided Mr. Ross. "We will draw into this shallow ahead. There the boats will be almost covered by the overhanging branches."

There they waited until long after nightfall. As there was no moon they could see little save the stars. Batoche was in darkness. At last Mr. Ross spoke. "The first boat may go now. Do not use your oars or they will be heard. Let the current carry you past the town. The next boat will start in ten minutes."

"A good plan," said Mr. Campbell. "May fortune be with you, men."

Off the first boat went. Not a sound could be heard. "They must be far down the stream by now. If they are stopped we will hear," said the leader. "Now, the next boat will start."

The second and then the third boat pushed off into the inky darkness. There was no sound ahead. Still they waited. At last Mr. Ross was satisfied. "The first boat must be well past the town now. Since we have heard nothing we can start."

Using their oars they shoved out into the current, yet keeping well in towards the western bank. Not a sound was made. Jimmy sat by his father's side quivering with excitement. Before them on the right side of the river some lights were seen. "What is that, father?" whispered Jimmy.

"Those are the lights of Batoche. Not a word more," was the answer.

Far ahead they heard a sudden splash. It was from the boat which had left just before them. Someone had used an oar unwisely. Immediately from the eastern shore came the sound of running feet. Two boats put out noisily. Jimmy could barely see one cutting across the stream ahead of them. By this time the boat, which had made the noise, had gotten safely away. Their boat, however, could not get away. It would be seen any moment.

"Qui va là?" came the sharp question. "Who goes there?"

By this time the boat from Batoche was almost upon them. They were seen. "Stop or we fire!" ordered a harsh voice.

"No use putting Jimmy in unnecessary danger," muttered Mr. Ross. Then he shouted to the waiting boat, "Here we are. We surrender."

In a few moments the two boats of the rebels drew up. "Row before us towards the landing place on the right bank." Sorrowfully they rowed across to the shore. They were ordered out on the beach.

"Where are we, father?" asked Jimmy, who was badly frightened but did not want to show it.

The answer came from one of the half-breeds who spoke English. "You are in Batoche, my boy. Let us go up and see Mr. Riel. I wonder what he will think of you."

They were hurried up the steep bank. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ross went first. Jimmy followed closely. After a brief talk with an officer they were taken to a log house and pushed into its one dark room. They heard the door locked after them.

"Well," said Mr. Ross, "Now we know that Middleton has not captured Batoche. You are not afraid, are you Jimmy?"

"No," answered the boy. "I am not afraid now. What will they do to us, father?"

"I don't think they will do us much harm, my boy. We will know tomorrow morning. Now I think that we should try to get some sleep."

The next morning was the 12th of May. In the early dawn a half-breed unlocked the door of their house. He led them to a large log cabin in the heart of the town. At the door they were met by a short, heavy-set man with a heavy black beard. It was Gabriel Dumont, famous buffalo hunter, and now second-in-command to Louis Riel.

"The men are to go into the inner room. I will keep the boy with me," Dumont ordered.

The men passed through the small outer room into a long, low, inner room. At a table was seated a thin man with a great shock of black hair, a sharp nose and glittering black eyes. They were before Louis Riel himself!

"Gentlemen, I know you both. You are two well known traders, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ross." He smiled at them for a moment and then turned away.

"You have our names," responded Mr. Campbell. "What are you going to do with us?"

"Listen to me carefully, both of you," said Riel, leaning over the table towards them. "General Middleton has been firing upon us for three days. He must stop! I have other prisoners. I intend to send a message telling him that unless he stops firing, I will kill all my prisoners! . . . Do you hear? . . . I will kill all my prisoners!"

"In that case why do you want to talk with us?" asked the wise Mr. Ross.

"Ah! I want both of you to write the general, telling him of my plan. You are well known. When he gets your letter he will know that I mean to do as I say. Then he will not dare to attack today . . . There you see pens and paper. . . . Write!"

Mr. Campbell looked at Riel. Then he looked gravely at his friend. He was thinking of the results of writing such a letter.

Mr. Ross spoke up sharply. "Too bad about Jimmy," he said. "There are others to think of, however. If Riel wins and the Indian tribes rise, every home, every woman and child in western Canada will be in danger."

"You are right, my friend," said Mr. Campbell. He turned towards Riel. "Sir, neither Mr. Ross nor myself will write such a letter. You may do with us as you please!"

Riel looked at them. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, his face black with rage. He thrust a long bony finger at Jimmy's father. "I tell you . . . I tell you I will have you shot unless you . . ." His voice died away, as he listened to a sound which grew rapidly louder. They listened too. Yes! There could be no mistake. It was the harsh crackling of rapid rifle fire. General Middleton's army had started its morning's work.

“Stay here!” Riel shouted, and rushed from the room. Jimmy, seeing the door open, ran in to join them as both Dumont and Riel had left the house. The two men shook hands as they listened to the growing roar of the rifles.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Why did Mr. Campbell decide to go to Prince Albert? Why did he not leave Jimmy in Battleford?
2. Was Riel justified in threatening to kill his prisoners? What would General Middleton have done had he received such a letter?
3. Dramatize the scene between Riel and his prisoners.
4. Write the letter which Mr. Campbell would have written to General Middleton had Riel demanded one.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of a row boat in pasteboard.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Start the third part of the project. Show on it the Saskatchewan river and Batoche.
2. Collect and exhibit any pictures of half-breeds which you can secure.

CHAPTER 5.

The Fall of Batoche

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Mr. Campbell walked to the door leading into the other room. No one was there. "Come," he exclaimed, "the attack has taken them by surprise. They have left us unguarded!"

Mr. Ross and Jimmy hurried into the outer room. Through the open door they saw the rebels running through the street towards the east or landward side of the town. There the rifle fire seemed hottest.

"Well," said Mr. Ross, "I think that we will be able to escape if they do not return too soon. We will have to wait for a lull in the firing though."

As they waited the rifle fire died away. "Now is the time," cried Mr. Campbell. "Come Jimmy." Off the three rushed out the door, and towards the north of the town. The street through which they passed was deserted. No one noticed their departure. Soon they were safe in the woods to the north of the village.

"Safe at last!" gasped Mr. Campbell. "Now what will we do? We cannot set out for Prince Albert. Is it too far?"

"For myself," said Mr. Ross, "I have never watched a battle in my life. I want to see this one. What do you say, Jimmy?"

"Oh yes, yes!" exclaimed Jimmy, who was wildly excited. "I want to see what happens."

Mr. Campbell smiled. "We could circle through the woods to the east and reach the top of that hill. There we would be safe from stray bullets and could see everything."

It was agreed to do this. Off they went through the thick growth of poplars and willows. In half an hour they had reached a position on the crest of the hill. They were now directly east of the town. Below them they could see the rifle pits of the half breeds lining the southern and eastern sides of Batoche. To the south they could see the

companies of Middleton's soldiers, some in rifle pits near the town, but most back a distance of a mile in the main camp.

"Where are the soldiers who made the attack?" asked Mr. Ross. "By the sound of the firing I thought that a large force had attacked the southeast corner of the town."

"There they are in the woods," cried Jimmy. "I see some men in blue coats going back towards the main camp."

It was true. They learned afterwards that General Middleton himself had led the flank attack on the town. He had planned that the sound of firing would be the signal for the main force, under Colonel Van Straubenzie, to advance. When the attack was made a strong wind prevented the main force hearing the sound. As a result Middleton attacked strongly, expecting at any moment to hear the rest of the troops go into action. When they failed to come up to his support he fell back through the woods to his camp.

"Someone has made a bad blunder!" exclaimed Mr. Ross. "I wonder what can have happened?"

Well might he wonder. Down in the main camp angry words were flying to and fro. "What have you been doing?" shouted General Middleton when he came in speaking distance of Colonel Van Straubenzie. "I ordered you to attack when you heard the sound of my rifles."

"Sir," answered the Colonel, "my orders were to wait here until I heard the sound of heavy firing. We did not hear the sound of your attack."

The general was white with anger. "Give orders for Lieut.-Colonel Williams to advance with one hundred of his men and three hundred of the Ontario regiment. They are to occupy our rifle pits. They can keep the enemy busy while the other troops have lunch." The white-haired old soldier walked to his tent.

Now the officers under Middleton were none too pleased with their leader. For three days they had fought bravely

and gained ground only to be ordered back in the evening. The men, too, were tired of sitting in wet rifle pits.

The evening before Lieut.-Colonel Williams had said to some of the other officers, "If we get a chance tomorrow, let us charge the town, and put an end to this tiresome waiting." The other officers had agreed with him.

Now Williams had his chance. The first rush of his men carried them to their own rifle pits. There they caught their breath while the rebels wondered what would happen next.

"Now, lads," called the colonel in a voice which carried clearly down the long line of rifle pits, "We want to capture Batoche, not lie here in front of the town day after day."

A burst of cheering was their answer. The men were as eager as the officers to charge the town and break the back of the rebellion.

"Will you follow me, men?" the colonel shouted.

"We will!" was the answer. "Just give the word!"

"Then fix bayonets, men," came the command. "All ready? . . . Charge!"

Up on the crest of the hill Jimmy looked down with delight. He had watched the troops advance to the rifle pits. "What will happen now, father?" he asked.

"I think they mean business this time!" exclaimed his father.

Mr. Ross kept his eyes fixed on the soldiers. "Look! Look! There they go!" he shouted.

A long line of soldiers, with bayonets on their rifles, dashed forward. A burst of cheering was heard and then the steady crackle of rifles.

"Look, look!" cried Jimmy, jumping with excitement. "The half-breeds are not waiting for them. They are on the run."

Jimmy was right. The half-breeds, tired of their four days battle, seemed to feel that this time the charge was not to be halted. A few fought bravely till all hope was gone. Most of them, however, ran for the woods.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Ross. "Batoche has fallen! Riel is defeated!"

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell, cheerfully. "The rebellion is over as far as the half-breeds are concerned. I wonder if they will capture Riel and Dumont? I think it will be safe now to go down to the town."

Together they started down the hill towards Batoche. As they walked down the slope they saw a horseman gallop away from the northern side of the village. A few rifle shots followed him. On he came, swinging around the side of the hill, nearer and nearer the three. He passed within one hundred feet of them. "Oh, father," said Jimmy, "That is the man who was at Riel's house this morning."

"Yes. It is Dumont," said Mr. Ross. "He is away now. They will never catch him. He knows every settler between here and the border of the United States." This proved the case. Travelling by night Dumont made his way safely over the border to freedom.

When they walked into Batoche they saw General Middleton and the remainder of his soldiers marching into the town. "What can you do with such soldiers?" they heard him exclaim to an officer. "I ordered them to advance to the rifle pits. Now they have taken the town. Good men! Good men!"

The general saw the two men and Jimmy walking towards him. Seeing their torn clothes and dusty shoes he said, "Whom have we here?"

"We are traders from the west," answered Mr. Campbell. "We were returning to Prince Albert for supplies when we were made prisoners. Fortunately we escaped this morning when the first attack was made."

"I'm glad that someone heard that first attack," laughed the general. "No one in our main camp did. Well, you are safe now. I do not expect any more trouble from the half-breeds. I only hope that the Indians further west will be as easily handled."



The Escape of Dumont

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Write the editorial which appeared in a Regina paper when the news of the capture of Batoche arrives.
2. Write the diary of Louis Riel for the day ending in his flight into the woods.
3. Describe Middleton's plan of attack. Why did it fail?
4. Why did Lieut.-Colonel Williams attack and capture Batoche? Was his action wise?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a pasteboard model of a soldier in uniform, a policeman in uniform, a half-breed in ordinary dress.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Place rifle pits at the south and east of the village. Have a model of the Northcote in the river. Show the rifle pits of the soldiers. Place trees about the town. Show the hill on the east side of the town.
2. Collect and exhibit pictures of soldiers.

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CHAPTER 6.

The Surrender of a Great War Chief

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For four days Jimmy and his father remained in Batoche. His father had rented a room in a house near the river. The owner, a gray-haired Frenchman named Lessard, made them quite at home. Often they sat in the evening by the hot kitchen stove and talked of the rebellion.

"Why did the half-breeds rebel?" asked Mr. Campbell one night.

Mr. Lessard smiled. "They rebelled because the new system of surveying was going to rob them of the homes in which they had lived for years."

"But they would have been given fine square farms in place of the long strips which they owned. It would really have been better for them. They would not have had so far to go to work."

"True. On the other hand they have always had their homes on the river front. They could visit one another easily." The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "It is their way. They do not do things as the English do."

"Did they know that the Indians might rebel too, and that poor white people all over the west might be killed?" was the next question.

"Ah, that evil one, Louis Riel," exclaimed Mr. Lessard, shaking his fist at the ceiling, "That was his idea. No, the poor half-breed wanted the English people back east to understand his position and help. They had tried everything else. This seemed the only way left."

"Well, it may yet end in a rebellion of all the Indians from the Great Lakes to the mountains," said Mr. Campbell.

"I wonder where Martin is tonight," said Jimmy. "Shall we see him soon, father?"

"I hope so, my son," was the answer. "We are leaving for Prince Albert tomorrow. In a few days we will start back to Battleford. We will see him then."

The next morning was one which Jimmy never forgot. After breakfast he saw two police marching down the street with a man in tattered clothes between them. "Oh, that is the man who was shouting at you and Mr. Ross the morning of the battle, father!"

"Yes, my boy," responded Mr. Campbell. "That is Louis Riel. What a change! Only a few days ago he was the leader of the rebellion. Now he is going to prison, perhaps to be hanged. Poor man!"

At noon the steamboat Northcote was drawn up to the bank. Jimmy and his father watched the general and his officers go on board. "Well, my boy, where do you live?" asked one of the officers who was awaiting his turn to go up the narrow gang plank.

"I live in Onion Lake. My father and I are going to Prince Albert."

"How are you going?" asked the officer. "It is dangerous country."

"We are going to march with the soldiers," said Mr. Campbell.

"What a shame! A boy cannot walk that far. Wait a moment!" The officer hurried up the gang plank and saluted the general. There was a hurried exchange of words, then the general came to the railing of the boat.

"My friend," he called to Mr. Campbell. "Captain James tells me that you and your son are trying to get through to Prince Albert."

"Yes, General Middleton. We intend to march north with the troops."

"Too far for a young lad to walk. Get your packs and come aboard. I am sure your son would rather go on the Northcote."

Since they had lost their packs when they were captured by the rebels there was no delay. To Jimmy's great delight they crossed the gang plank. Soon the whistle sounded and the steamboat turned into the main current and was off on its way to Prince Albert.

It was the first large boat Jimmy had ever seen. He ran here and there and soon made friends with the soldiers and the boatmen. In the meantime the general talked with Mr. Campbell of conditions about Battleford.

When they reached Prince Albert the general shook hands with Mr. Campbell and Jimmy. "Could you visit me tonight, Mr. Campbell? I may be able to help you on your return journey."

All that day Mr. Campbell was busy buying supplies for his store at Onion Lake. That night he went to see the general who had been given rooms in a large house near the river.

"Good evening," was the general's greeting. "The rebellion seems to be crushed here, Mr. Campbell. The Police will be strong enough to handle any trouble which may arise. As a result I find myself free to hurry on to Battleford where some of the flames of the rebellion are still burning."

"I am glad that the trouble is over here," answered Mr. Campbell. "I hope that there will be no more fighting in the west. My son is with Colonel Otter."

"A fine young man, I am sure," said the general. "No doubt you will be anxious to see him. For your sake and to save young Jimmy a long slow trip back, let me offer you passage on the Northcote. We are starting for Battleford tomorrow at noon."

Mr. Campbell thanked the general. "I can send my supplies with Mr. Ross. He will be taking several boat-loads of goods back in a few days. We will be very glad to go with you."

Jimmy was delighted when he heard of their good fortune. "Now we shall see Martin," he said.

The next day saw them away on the trip up-stream. When the boat neared Fort Carleton two policemen were seen on the river bank waving flags. The ship steered in towards the shore.

One of the police came aboard accompanied by a half-breed. He saluted the general. "A message for you, sir, from Poundmaker. This man brought it to us."

The general opened the letter. "It is a request that I should treat them kindly if they surrender." He thought for a time, pacing back and forth across the deck. Then he wheeled on the messenger. "Tell Poundmaker and his men that I offer them no terms. They must ride in and surrender. They will be treated fairly."

The messenger and the policeman left the boat, which at once swung out into the current.

On the 24th of May, the Queen's birthday, the boat arrived in Battleford. After thanking the general Mr. Campbell and Jimmy found a place where they could stay for a few days. To Jimmy's sorrow the meeting with Martin did not take place. Martin was away on a scouting trip.

Two days after they had reached Battleford they were in the centre of the town when they saw a large number of officers and soldiers drawn up in an open square.

"We had better wait and see what is going to happen," observed Mr. Campbell.

They did not have long to wait. Along the street came one of the most sorrowful processions which had ever been seen. The Cree warriors were riding in from Cutknife to surrender. At their head rode Poundmaker, erect and handsome. On his head was a close fitting cap made from the head fur of a bear. His face was set in an expression of deep sadness. After him came his chiefs and medicine men. They rode into the square, dismounted, and the leaders went forward to a tent which had been set up in the centre. They squatted down on the ground in a wide half circle.

The flap of the tent opened and General Middleton walked out. He took his place in a chair which had been set up in the centre of the square. Poundmaker walked forward, his hand outstretched.

The general waved it aside. "I do not shake hands with rebels!" Poundmaker turned without a word and took up his position at some distance.

"I must tell you, Poundmaker, and all your chiefs," began the general, "that the Great White Mother, the Queen, is angry with you. You have taken the war path. You have killed many of her soldiers. You have stolen cattle and burned houses. What have you to say for yourselves?"

Poundmaker remained silent, his blanket wound about him. Then he stepped forward. He freed one arm and raised it in the air before him. "What you say is not truth. Someone with a double tongue (a liar) has told you about



Poundmaker

me. I and my tribe remained on our reserve at Cutknife. I kept my young men there although they were eager for the war trail. One or two left the reserve. For what they did I am sorry. I will turn them over to you for punishment."

"You fought Colonel Otter, did you not?" exclaimed the general.

"You are an old warrior. Hear my story! I was on my reserve at Cutknife at peace with everyone. Colonel Otter tried to surprise me. When I was wakened I saw an army marching up the hill to kill poor Indians who had done no harm. We fought for our women and children. You would have done the same if you had been in my place."

General Middleton tugged at his white moustache. "Yet you did let the warriors leave your reserve. Two men were murdered at a trading post. Where are these men?"

Poundmaker raised his arm. He waved it towards the general. At once two warriors ran forward and fell on their knees before Middleton. Each in turn told in Cree of their raid on the trading post and of killing the traders. Two scarlet-coated policemen stepped forward and, after placing handcuffs on them, dragged them away.

"You asked for these men," said Poundmaker. "You have them in irons. Is there anything else you wish of us?" The general remained silent. Then the chief continued, his face twisted with the sorrow he felt for his people. "For myself or for my chiefs I ask nothing. We are in your hands. But for our wives and children I beg that you see that they are not forgotten. They have done nothing. They will starve unless you give them food and shelter this winter. Out of your plenty care for them. How!" The war chief finished his speech, wrapped his blanket more closely about him and stood there waiting.

The general looked at him thoughtfully. At last he spoke, "Poundmaker, I promise you that your people will be cared for. But I cannot forget the men who have died. I must make you, Poundmaker, my prisoner; you and all

your chiefs. Tell your people to go back to their reserves."

Poundmaker spoke briefly in Cree to his warriors. His chiefs stepped forward to join him. The others turned, mounted their horses, and rode slowly away. The police placed irons on the chiefs and led them away to prison to await trial. Even in chains Poundmaker was a bold and stately warrior.

"Oh, father," said Jimmy. "I feel so sorry for Poundmaker. Must he go to prison?"

"I feel sorry for him too, Jimmy. Yes, he must go to prison and wait for his trial. I have always felt that Otter's attack on Cutknife Hill was a sad mistake. Poor Poundmaker! Riel was the cause of all this trouble. He is the one who should bear the punishment."

Jimmy was downcast as they walked home. He thought of Riel in his tattered clothes being dragged down the street of Batoche between the two policemen. Then he thought of the brave Indian chief led in irons to prison. He sighed heavily.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Write out at length Poundmaker's speech explaining why he defended his camp at Cutknife Hill.
2. Write a diary of General Middleton for the day on which Poundmaker came in to surrender. Give the General's opinion of the chief.
3. What made Jimmy feel sad on seeing Poundmaker surrender?
4. Write a dramatization of the surrender of Poundmaker. Have the class act it in costume.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a pasteboard model of the Northcote—a side-wheeler steamer.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Have the French system of dividing land illustrated on the blackboard. Place beside it the same piece of land divided under the English system.

CHAPTER 7.

Home at Last

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It was June 20th, 1885. As the sun neared the western hills two loaded waggons rolled down the hill into the little settlement of Onion Lake. In the first sat Mr. Campbell. The other was driven by Martin, freshly returned from the army. By him sat Jimmy.

As they saw the little settlement before them Martin and Jimmy broke into joyful cries. "There is our store," shouted Jimmy. "Father, our store is just as we left it."

"We shall be there in a minute," answered his father, "then we shall see."

The waggons came to a stop in front of the log trading post. They climbed down over the wheel to the ground. The weary horses hung their heads. Mr. Campbell opened the door of the store. The two sons hurried into the large room.

"Why, father," cried Martin, "everything has been stolen or spoiled."

The store was truly a picture of untidiness. The shelves had been stripped of goods. The floor was covered with papers and boxes. Everything of value had been taken away.

"Just as I thought," said Mr. Campbell calmly. "I heard that the trading post had been robbed by Big Bear's men. Never mind, my boy. The country is at peace again. I have two strong sons and we have more supplies. We will soon have the place in first class condition."

"Won't we?" cried Jimmy. "I will help all I can. We could sweep out the store before dark!"

"No, my boy. We shall do well if we can get our living quarters ready for use tonight."

Together they put the horses away in the stable and fed them. Then they moved the new supplies from the waggons to the store. They placed a new lock on the

front door, and then went to the rooms in the rear where they lived. Though much had been stolen, with their new supplies they had all they needed. Jimmy swept the floor. Martin cleaned the home-made beds and placed blankets upon them, while Mr. Campbell cooked their dinner. Soon the pleasant odor of frying meat filled the room and the coffee pot came to the boil.

“Dinner is ready,” said Mr. Campbell. “You must be hungry, Jimmy. Come Martin.”

They ate their simple meal with good appetite. Then, when they were finished Jimmy said, “Wasn’t it fine that Martin was discharged from the army in time to come with us?”

“It was fortunate, indeed,” answered his father. “This is the first time we have had a moment to talk since you came back, Martin. We have not heard of your hunt after Big Bear. Won’t you tell us about it?”

“Oh yes,” said Jimmy. “I want to hear the whole story.”

“There is very little to tell,” responded Martin. “Colonel Otter remained in Battleford until General Middleton arrived. I spent most of the time, when you were away, on scouting trips. Then we were ordered north in pursuit of Big Bear. It was a long, hard march. We travelled through thick woods. Sometimes we had to wade through sloughs and muskegs. We were often wet to the waist when the day’s march was over. We were anxious to have the honor of capturing Big Bear, as there were three other forces in the field after him. Yet we never even caught sight of his tribe.”

“Why, what had happened to it?” asked Jimmy.

“Big Bear knew that he could not escape so many bodies of soldiers. General Strange came up with him at Frenchman’s Butte, and a fight followed. Later Steele attacked him at Loon Lake, but the tribe escaped because they knew the country. Big Bear saw that he was bound to be captured, so he gave the order to his tribe to scatter. They must have broken up into groups of two or three, for they

passed between the forces unnoticed. We stopped several families. They claimed that they were Wood Cree and had been hunting in the far north."

"I wonder whether they will capture Big Bear?" asked Jimmy.

"There is no chance for him to escape" answered Martin. "He is too well known. I think that he may ride in and surrender."

"I would like to see Wandering Spirit and Imasees caught," said Mr. Campbell. "I am certain that they caused the death of the white people at Frog Lake."

"Poor Wandering Spirit is captured already," exclaimed Martin. "I heard of it when we arrived back at Battleford. It seems that he and his daughter had just come back to his home at Frog Lake. He was very low in spirit about the complete failure of the rebellion. His daughter was in the lodge preparing dinner. She heard a groan. On rushing out she saw that her father had driven a knife into his side.

"Oh, poor man," said Jimmy. "Did he die?"

"No, he is recovering. They say that he will be hanged for his part in the trouble at Frog Lake."

"What happened to Mr. McLean and all the people who walked over to the Indian camp that night we left Fort Pitt?" was his father's next question.

"They had a very hard time but all are safe. Big Bear kept his promise and protected them. They were forced to travel with the tribe on its flight before the soldiers and the police. They had little to eat. Their shoes were worn to shreds. Some escaped at Frenchman's Butte; more at Loon Lake. All have escaped now and are in Fort Pitt or Battleford."

A loud knocking was heard at the front door of the store. Mr. Campbell took up the oil lamp, and the three hurried to the door. Jimmy unlatched the door while Martin kept his rifle ready. Two men stood before them. "Come in! Come in, my friends!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, and



The Arrival of Friends

in came two settlers who had farms near the trading post. "Is everything well with you, gentlemen? It must be three months since I last met you."

"I left with my family," said one, "shortly after the news of Frog Lake. I got back yesterday."

"I stayed until the Indians looted the store," remarked the other. "Then I decided that it would be safer to go to Battleford. I think that we are the first people to return."

"Come back to our living quarters," said Mr. Campbell. "They are not very pleasing, but they are better than the store. However, by tomorrow night the store will begin to look as if we were ready for business."

The three neighbors sat down at the dining room table. "Yes," said one, "Now that the rebellion is over the settlers will soon return to their work."

"True," said Mr. Campbell. "It is hard to believe that we need not fear Riel, nor the Indians. Now we can plan for the future. By this time next year, Onion Lake may be a busy settlement instead of a huddle of log shacks."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. How had the rebellion affected the development of Onion Lake?
2. Why do you think Jimmy was glad to get home when he had been having such an interesting time?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of Mr. Campbell's trading post. Use small twigs and branches for logs.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Collect pictures of pioneer settlements.

CHAPTER 8.

A Year Later

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The little village of Onion Lake basked in the last rays of the low midsummer sun. It was no longer deserted. Children played in the streets. Dogs barked. The smoke of the dinner fires trailed lazily from blackened chimneys. Some new houses had been built. Many settlers had moved in to take nearby farms. Mr. Campbell's trading post had been whitewashed inside and out. A plentiful supply of goods for sale were arranged neatly on the shelves.

In the large room at the rear of the store the family was gathered about the dinner table. They had guests for dinner. Mr. McLean of the Hudson's Bay Company had just arrived from Battleford. With him was a young man whose face seemed old before its time. It was Mr. W. B. Cameron—the only white man who still lived after that terrible day in Frog Lake in the previous year. Dinner was over and the men pushed back their chairs and filled their pipes.

"It is pleasant to see you again, Mr. McLean," said Mr. Campbell. "To tell the truth I feared that we might never see you again when you started towards Big Bear's camp that day at Fort Pitt. Tell us about your adventures."

"There is little to tell," was the answer. "Wandering Spirit and Imasees wanted to shoot me, but the other Indians knew me too well for that. I was in no danger, nor were the other people who came over later. We found the next month a long tiresome one though, did we not, Mr. Cameron?"

"I never walked so far in my life," answered the young man. "You will remember that I was made prisoner that day of the trouble at Frog Lake. I will never forget that day as long as I live. I was in the trading post when the firing started. I ran out. There lay my friend, Thomas Quinn, dead on the ground. Yellow Bear, a friendly Indian, told me to go to the Indian camp a mile away with

some of the squaws. As I went I heard the rifles and knew that the other whites were being killed. At every moment I expected the bullet which would bring me death. But I arrived at the lodges safe and sound. Later Wandering Spirit agreed that I should be permitted to live. Nine men were killed that day. Wandering Spirit shot two of them himself. Well—he has paid for his folly!"

"We have been so busy that we have heard very little news," said Martin. "Please tell us what happened at the trials."

"I can tell you about them as I was there to describe what I had seen at Frog Lake," said Mr. Cameron. "If you want the story I shall tell it to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell. "Do tell us the story. You see Jimmy, Martin and I saw so much of the rebellion that we are very interested in what happened to the leaders."

Mr. McLean filled his pipe. Jimmy leaned forward in his chair, his chin cupped in his hands, the better to hear the story which Mr. Cameron told.

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Of course you know that Louis Riel was captured. He was taken to Regina where he was tried. Since he had been the leader of the Red River Rebellion too, he had small chance of escaping punishment. He was found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Big Bear had escaped the four bodies of soldiers which had been sent in search of him. Suddenly he appeared before Fort Carleton, where he was arrested by the police and sent south for trial. I felt sorry for him.

When they called upon me to tell what had happened at Frog Lake, I told them of how Big Bear had rushed out of the store when the firing started, crying "Stop! Stop!" I also told the court that he had kept all his prisoners safe during those hard weeks when the whole tribe fled before the soldiers.

Then Judge Richardson said, "Big Bear, do you wish to say anything before I give you sentence?"

"I will speak," answered Big Bear in Cree. "I had nothing to do with the deaths at Frog Lake. My young men refused to obey me. I tried to stop them. Afterwards I cared for the ones who were taken prisoner. I have only one wish. Do with me as you see fit. I am old. I do not matter. But my people are out there, afraid, not knowing which way to turn. Give them help and food or they will starve. Be kind to them. Now, I am ready for my sentence."

The old chief was found guilty and sentenced to three years in prison. I felt sorry for him.

Poundmaker, too, was brought to trial. I thought that he did not receive fair treatment. Otter's attack on Cut-knife had forced him to fight. Now they were threatening him as they had Big Bear, whose tribe had murdered many people and stolen goods and burned houses.

Before the judge passed sentence upon him he rose to his feet. He seemed a brave and honest chief. "I have heard what has been spoken. All that is bad has been told about me; nothing that is good. I will speak. I worked for peace last summer. I fought only when I was attacked. Had I decided to fight the white man, every tribe in the west, even the great Crowfoot would have risen. There would have been much blood spilled. But I did not do this. I wished to be a friend of the white man. Now I am dragged here in irons to stand before you for sentence."

When he heard that he had been sentenced to two years in prison he exclaimed to the judge, "Let me hang rather than go to the white man's prison."

I was also in the court room when Wandering Spirit was tried. When it was proven that he had killed Quinn the Judge said, "Is it true that you killed Thomas Quinn?"

"The charge is true!" replied the war chief, who was still ill from the wound which he had given himself.

Then the Judge sentenced him to be hanged. In all, eight Indians in addition to Riel, were given the death sentence. I was at the prison when Wandering Spirit was brought out to die. His only request was that the irons be taken from his ankles so that his spirit might fly more speedily to the Sand Hills.

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“It is a sad story,” said Mr. McLean. “Let us be thankful that the bad year of 1885 is now over. We will never have another like it. The half-breeds have already received kinder treatment. The Indians, too, have received better care than before.”

“Yes, an unhappy year,” was Mr. Campbell’s answer. “Now that it is all over, who was to blame for the rebellion?”

“That is a question worth asking!” exclaimed Mr. Cameron. “The government has caused the hanging of nine people. Many have been killed in battle. Who is to blame? Not the half-breeds, for they wrote message after message to Ottawa. Then they sent some of their best men to plead for them. When they saw that only rebellion would bring wide attention to their wishes, they decided to rise. The government did nothing. They must bear much of the blame.”

“The government has received a stiff lesson,” said Mr. Campbell. “I am sure that they will not be caught asleep again. I think we can now look forward to a happy future with a Canadian west growing in people and wealth, but always at peace.”

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Give the arguments which come to your mind for and against the hanging of Riel.
2. Give arguments in favor of the punishment of Big Bear.
3. Give arguments against the punishment of Poundmaker.
4. Describe the “Sand Hills” spoken of by Wandering Spirit before his death.
5. Write a dramatization of the trial of Big Bear.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a map of the course travelled by Jimmy and his father during this story.
2. Put in Martin's travels in a different color of ink.

THE CLASS PROJECT

1. Make window decorations of soldiers in uniform. Have below them crossed rifles or swords. Color them. Put them on transparent paper and paste one to the centre of each window.

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